The Weekly Press.

VOL. 1. PENFIELD, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1895. NO. 11.

MOOSE RUN COAL.

MILLER MINE.

Screened $1.50 per ton.
Slack $1.25 per ton.

Delivered free in 1½ tons lots. Cash or its equivalent must ac company order.
Screened, 4c per bu. at the mine.
Slack, 3c " " " " "
Spot cash at mine or order from Miller's store.

We are compelled to adhere closely to the above terms as the very small price we ask for coal scarcely covers expenses of miners and teamsters which must be paid every day.

NEW BARBER SHOP.

I have opened a brand new shaving and hair-cutting shop in Penfield, opposite the Hotel Penfield.

I solicit your patronage, and promise to please you. "Ladies' Shampoo" a specialty.

Isaac Corby.

DO YOU READ

?

Then Subscribe For The

PRESS.

HENRY C. BLAIR'S

Digestive Tablets

ARE A SURE

CURE FOR { INDIGESTION, ACID STOMACH, HEART-BURN, &c.

They contain the Anti-Acid Elements of the popular and old-fashioned Soda Mint, with the food-digestive properties of Pure Pepsin, and the fat-emulsifying principle of the Pancreas, a combination calculated to promptly relieve the various forms of indigestion and its consequences.

They are put up in substantial metal cases, of convenient size and shape to carry in the vest pocket, thereby affording a remedy always at hand when needed.

We will send a package to any address on receipt of 25 cents in P. O. stamps. TRY THEM.

HENRY C. BLAIR,
WALNUT AND 6TH STS.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Quiet Rambler.

At the pace the women are coming to the fore, the men will have to get in earnest or not be able to hold their own.

Getting married too soon is fully as bad as never to wed. While we are getting compulsory laws we should have a law forbidding people to marry till they'r old enough to know enough.

The increasing observance of law and order is an encouraging sign of the times. One must keep pretty nearly straight, or he can be delt with by the law, no matter what he has or what he is.

The hard times, or something has certainly lessoned the comivial business. There are very few full men seen by a rambler.

It keeps one quite busy to keep his own self in good shape. Once, but in Indiana, a young man decided to preach. In the fervor of his new purpose, he told the bishop that he proposed to convert the world. The next year, when the bishop came around, the young man told him that he had decided to take the United States as his field. The third year the bishop was informed that the State of Indiana was about the proper size for the young man's diocese. The fourth year the young man confessed that it would keep him at work very steadily to save his own soul.

The thoroughly independent man is the one who really enjoys himself. If he is independent in means and then fearless and free in his mind and soul. There is not a cloud between him and the sun of happiness.

The habit of loafing about town is a miserable one. Better be out in the forest cutting firewood if you have nothing else to do. Crowds of men sit about the public places in town and tear to tatters the reputations of men, who while they have faults, are doing quite as much for the world as they are.

Riding along the road recently, I saw where a boy had been cutting wood on the family woodpile. The boy had stuck the ax in the top of the block with the handle projecting almost over the sled track. Well, what of it?

Human thought and human will power are wonderful things. Almost anything can be accomplished by the strong thinker and willer. It is said that years ago a young man in Missouri, poor, homely, friendless, declared that he would sit in the Senate of the United States. People laughed and sneered at this, but when the boy was a man of sixty years he took a chair at a desk in the august chamber of the American Fathers at Washington.

Mrs. Cleveland has joined the W. C. T. U. She will never be Presidentress.

To quiet their consciencs, people tell themselves that what they do is right. If they would allow the conscience to tell them the story it would be quite a different one.

THE QUIET RAMBLER.

Toots from the Tin Horn.

It is easy to get loud in church, but less easy to live loud outside.

The really square man has four sides and they are all straight and smooth.

A man had better fight sin and go to Heaven, than fight good and go to Hell. For he must fight anyhow.

The church that goes to the bottom for them is the church for genuine soul.

Some people will spend time enough in saving one penny to earn three or four.

The bad things people say of you would fill a book heavier than you could carry.

Religion is to rely on something. Salvation is to be saved. You see the difference.

When the Lord' business is flourishing. Satan increases his force of drummers

Dignity is nice, but is the starch of a shroud, often.

Harmony is born in Heaven. Discord is from the pit.

If the knees of a man's pants would wear out ere the seat did, it were a loud fact in his favor.

Ought weighs more than all other word put together.

We Only Observe.

That its just nice how gradually the snow gets gone.

That spring is not far distant.

That we better look a good deal out on this special tax matter.

That the sun can shine as bright as ever this spring.

That there will be some interesting items in several months.

That Rafe still comes up occasionally.

That the tattler is a creature ripe for perdition.

That it makes some people very mad to see other people enjoy themselves.

That the young girls have shining faces.

That there was fire about the Fire Co. business.

That treachery and deceitfulness run in a certain class of people.

That there will be some bark to pile next warm weather.

That the sap is flowing copiously in some heads.

That general remarks sometimes fit snugly special cases.

That if you don't intend to pay don't pray.

That you might as well try to harmonize hell as to get along with some people

That a real christian will be found where he can do some real good.

That it is no profanity to say that some things are as worthless as a tinker's dam.

That if the Republicans can do any better, now is the time to do it.

That the Salvation Army is the grandest organization in the world.

That it is better felt than told.

That you have to drive the roads on schedule time.

That we can well stand a Ham diet another sun.

That some people would very gladly pay if they could.

That the schools are doing more for the children than perhaps you think.

That even dynamite won't bring the ground swine out of his hole.

That P. H. has been quite quiet for some time.

That we'll do our best to suit you and leave it to you.

That we don't want any more information on the cape question.

That when you come to break our mouth we will be right there to see it done.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

Washington Camp.

No. 290 P. O. S. of A, meets Tuesday evening in Kline's Hall. Members invited to visit us,
W. F. Chambers, Pres. H. W. Brown, Sec.

Penfield Council.

No. 56 O U. A. M. meets Monday evening in Kline's hall. Visiting members welcome.

Ellsworth Lodge.

No. 489 K. of P. meets on Friday evening in Kline hall Visitors cordially invited.

Penfield Lodge.

No. 567 I. O. of O. F. Meets on Saturday evening in Kline's hall. Visiting members always welcome.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church Rev. Samuel Ham, pastor. Preaching on Sabbath alternate with Presbyterian Service at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Epworth League Prayer meeting at 3:00 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening.

Presbyterian Church.

No regular Pastor Services alternate with M. E. as above Sabbath School at 2 p. m Christian Endeavor at 3:00 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening.

Free Methodist Church.

Rev. Nettie F. and W. N. Hibbard pastors. Preaching every Sunday evening and every other Sabbath morning. Sabbath School at 10:00 a. m. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening.

DR. R. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND CHEMIST,
PENFIELD, PA.

All calls answered promptly. Office in drug store, opposite P. O. Keeps a full line of drugs, perfumery and toilet articles. A share of the public patronage is solicited.

W. W. HOOVER,

—Dealer in—

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

Repairing a Specialty

FIVE HUNDRED

Novels at half price 500. 5, 10, and 20c. Seaside, Boy's Star Wide awake, Beadle's, Nick Carter, Gem and other popular Novels, in good condition, but somewhat shop worn for sale at half prices at Brown's Gallery, and News Depot.

NEW ONES

At regular printed prices. Also a large number of back number Magazines Journals, etc. at half price.

NOW

is your time to secure choice reading matter for the long winter evenings at a

BARGAIN

price of Photographs, reduced from $2.00 to $1.50 per half-doz. n. Yours

H. W. BRO[illegible]

Photographer & N[illegible]

as it does, as over two miles, delights of Sport at the dangerous utmost of all

The Weekly Press.

☞An independant local paper, devoted to Penfield and vicinity.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR.

C. M. CHAMBERS, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Penfield, Pa., as second-class matter.

Saturday, March 16, 1895.

THE shadow of the ground hog told the truth this spring.

BIG revivals are followed by big backsliding. It is a principle of physics that action and reaction are equal.

HEREAFTER no pension will be less than $6 per month. This is not half enough for a man who really needs a pension.

THE moon was totally eclipsed on Sunday evening. There is something ghostly and ghastly about this pheuomond, and it is not strange that ignorant races of men are frightened by it.

EX-PRESIDENT BENJ HARRISON is seriously ill with the grip. As he is the strongest candidate in sight for the Republican nomination next year, they may well hope that no evil will befall him.

JOHN F. Short of Clearfield has an able and interesting articles in Monday's Pittsburg Times about rafting on the Susquehanna. It will no doubt be read with great relish by the old timers.

THE coal business in the United States is certainly overdone. When miners can make but 27 cents per day, as some in Ohio have only been able to do! there should be less mines, if there is to be no greater demand.

THERE will be two new counties created in Penn. this year. One will be named Quay, and by all means let the other be called Blaine. Even Democrats should urge this for they have gratitude to this distinguished American.

MR. INGERSOLL says that he has met five or six persons who claimed to be inspired and they were everyone crazy. But Mr. I. Should remember that there has been no need of inspired people since the Bible was finished.

IT seems that the best of us are more or less humbugs. Miss. Frances Willard has been seen taking medicine prepared in alchol, and now the charge is openly made that her great colabover the philanthropist Lady Henry Somerset, rents some of her London property for disreputable houses.

THE American Protective Association. Ou Anti-Catholic organization, it is said are getting so strong that they propose to put a candidate for President in the field next year. This will bring the religious question into politics for certain. It is said that the members of this society pledge themselves to do all in their power to prevent a catholic from even making a living.

THE next step of advance in industrial affairs will be the eight hour day. This is the natural working day, and like all else that is in harmony with nature it works well when tried. A large concern somewhere has put the plan into practice with most encouraging results. The report of the working shows that the men [illegible] as much in eight hours as [illegible] in ten hours. That [illegible] cheerfully, their [illegible] were on [illegible] and in short

SALESMEN WANTED—To sell Non-Nicotine Midget Cigars. Salary or commission. Good side line. Samples free. Address LANDIS & Co., Shippensville, Pa.

THE license lawyers want to earn their money in talking, but the court would have them know its time is valuable. The pace it started out with it wishes to resume.

THE Congress just closed appropriated nearly a billion of dollars during the two years of its existence. It certainly seemed to believe that we had a billion dollar country. As the government hasn't a dollar except as it borrows or collects from someone, these appropriations mean the handling of a large sum of cash.

REV. Thos. Dixon, Jr. one of the many able men of the Baptist Church, has resigned his pastorate and will found a new church, with one short article in its creed vis, belief in Jesus the Christ. The times are ripe for such a church, and if the clergyman starts he will have no trouble to get members. He says that he thinks it more important for him to lift as many as possible out of the ditch than to make Baptists out of a few.

W. W. HOOVER,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Collections made and promptly remitted.

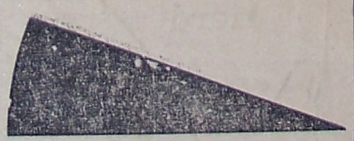
PENFIELD, PA.

SCARBORO BEACH, Scarboro, Me

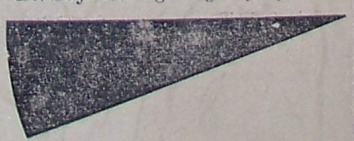
THE KIRKWOOD,

C. D. DRESSER, Prop'r.

Scarboro Beach is one of the finest on the New England coast—presenting as it does, an unbroken stretch of over two miles, affording all the delights of Surf Bathing, without the dangerous accompaniment of an undertow.



You ought to get Dr. Day's Strong Cough Syrup.



We Employ Young Men

to distribute our advertisements in part payment for a high grade Acme bicycle, which we send them on approval. No work done until the bicycle arrives and proves satisfactory.

Young Ladies employed on the same terms

If boys or girls apply they must be well recommended. Write for particulars.

ACME CYCLE COMPANY, ELKHART, IND.

THE WINNE-EGAN,

BAKER'S ISLAND,

SALEM, MASS.

The most delightful Summer and Health Resort on our beautiful New England Coast. Opens June 16th. Send for illustrated booklet. Rates moderate.

NATHAN R. MORSS, Prop.

JOHNSON & OVERTURF,

The Old Reliable Dealers are

Right in the van of the procession. He will for a time sell goods at following prices:

PRINTS 5c. APRON GINGHAM 5c.

5 CANS CORN 25c.

GOOD TABLE SYRUP 20c. per gal.

We are head quarters for Flour, Hay, Feed and Potatoes, at lowest prices.

BARGAIN SALE.

Our sixth annual clearance sale will begin Monday March 18th, 1895, and continue thirty days.

Mens	suits	that	were	$12.00	now	9.00
"	"	"	"	10.00	"	7.50
Boys	"	"	"	8.00	"	5.50
"	"	"	"	6.00	"	4.00
"	"	"	"	3.00	"	2.00
"	"	"	"	2.00	"	1.50
Mens stiff hats				2.50	"	1.87
"	Shirts			1.00	"	79c.
"	"			75	"	60
"	"			1.50	"	1.15
"	Shoes			1.25	"	90
"	"			1.50	"	1.20
"	"			2.00	"	1.60
"	"			2.50	"	187
"	"			3.00	"	2.25
"	"			3.50	"	2.50
Ladies	"			3.00	"	2.00
"	"			2.00	"	1.60
"	"			1.50	"	1.15
"	"			1.25	"	95
"	"			1.00	"	75
"	Dress Goods			70	"	50
"	"			50	"	40
"	"			25	"	19
"	"			80	"	20
1 Piece Table Linen						4c.
Remnants of Calico						

These goods are just as good as new, but they are odd lots and sizes and we want to make room for new. Come early and get good selections.

G. WOOD. MILLER.

LOCAL LINKS.

—March 16.

—The less talk the better.

—Coal comes down to bed rock.

—Old papers for sale at this office.

—Pay up and then you can pray up.

—Notice the change in Bird's corner.

—A rod in pickle gets very sour to a boy.

—Its quiet and lonesome since meeting closed.

—Rev. Britt's preaching has been plain and practical.

Did you go to the Presbyterian meeting and sober up.

—The tannery fertilizer is being utilized by the farmers.

—Ellis Miller made a visit to his Centre Co. home last week.

—Leon the baby son of Lewis Fisk has been very ill this week.

—25 pair driving shoes at G. Wood-Miller's at reduced prices.

—Don't forget that you can get the Tyler lump coal for $2 per ton.

—Chas. Bundy walks to town and spares his fine colts these days.

—J. C. Harman has been kept in his home by poor health this week.

—Several persons have gone forward at the Presbyterian continued meetings.

—Some of our people were sueing and being sued before Justice Hoover this week.

—The Press would like to press itself on your subscribing attention and intention.

—Orders left with W. W. Hoover or Phil Connelly will receive prompt attention. Weed & Woodle.

—TheRam's Horn says you can't measure a man's religion by the length of his face on Sunday.

—If my pencil would put down some truth about people, the Press office would be in ashes again.

—Miss Mamie Hilshier and Mrs. Harry Askey were pleasant callers on Saturday, and became subscribers.

—Fred R. Scofield, Esq, who is rapidly becoming a successful DuBois Attorney, was in town on Monday.

—Foolishness is found up in the heart of a child, but a kindergarten is better than a rod to drive it out.

—Thos. B. Connolly delighted the occupants of Press office by sweet melody on the violin one night this week.

—When the dogs are all dead, and these hills are covered with sheep, this county will be a better one than now.

—It is to be hoped that the report that Harry Askey has come into possession of a legacy is so. Harry deserves good things.

—Evangelist Schiverea received $2500 in Homestead before coming to DuBois. This is many dollars more than our lady evangelists here got.

—Miss Regina Aaron of DuBois was visiting friends in South Penfield this week. Her cousin, Mrs. T. B. Connolly accompanied her home.

—L. L. Fisk Dealer in Musical Instruments and Sewing Machines repairing done and guaranteed. L. L. Fisk
Penfield, Pa.

—Geo. Rosenkrans, a member of the B Class in the Penfield High School has furnished two drawing of ships which are to be transferred to cuts, and published in the DuBois Dispatch.

—Subscribe for the Press.

—What about the hay wire?

—Bargains at G. WoodMiller's.

—Miss May Bird has been quite ill.

—Harry Sindorf was in town this week.

—If you are right bright, you wont say so.

—Spring with its cheer will soon be here.

—All kinds of job work neatly done at this office.

—Miss Libbie Freeland is threatened with pneumonia.

Geo. R. Campbell and wife visited Pittsburg this week.

Crocker, the paperwood man was in town this week.

—Mrs. J L. Scofield was a visitor to town on Thursday.

—Buy every thing that you possibly can in your own town.

—Do you want a new safe very cheap? Call at the Press office.

—The very thoughts of an April Shower makes one mouth water.

—One of Winterburn's citizens had cash galore in town the other day.

—There will be no preaching in the Methodist Church tomorrow.

—Mrs. Maggie Armstrong has begun operations at the City Bakery.

—Read G. Wood Miller's adv. and see how cheaply you can buy a stiff hat.

—Robert Cochran has been his own clerk for some days, Robert is never an idler.

—Ladies hand turned shes at G. Wood. Miller's clearance sale reduced from $3.25 to 2.25.

—Otto Robacker, having qualified as constable, has resigned as clerk at the Penfield Hotel.

—Miss Kate Baldwin, Free Methodist evangelist has gone to Falls Creek to assist in a revival.

—It is very convement to have a bakery in town, and the people should see to it that ours is patronized.

—The balance due on the salary of Rev Ham was secured in cash and pledges on Sunday evening at church.

—The Ram's Horn says that he is the best man who can do the deed of a lion with the gentleness of a lamb.

—Morris has not got a housekeeper yet, but he has had his house cleaned. Swim must be a good one on a scrub.

—The house of a Georgia man who was ridiculing religion was struck by lightning. Its a wonder it dont strike other places.

—Is any one attending to the matter of having the special cash road tax rate reduced from 5 mills? It will make a burdensome levy.

—Harry C. Scofield will manage the office end of the Hotel Penfield and Miss Clara Shugarts the culinary department after April 1st.

—All communications for publication must be accompanied by the writer's name, not for publication but for a guarantee of good faith.

—Mr. Nunsey, the Australian show man, with his wonderful white hair, and Miss Anna Boyh dined with Mr. and Mrs C. B. Jewell one day this week, and then left for Chicago to join Ringling Bros' largest circus on Earth.

—The Patton Courier of this week had twelve pages. The main matter was a history of Patton, which was well written. There were pictures and sketches of the leading men. They are young and good looking, the town is also fortunate in having so live a paper as the Courier.

—For scientific hair-cutting and shaving go to Caspar Yetzer's Shop.

—Mrs. Mary A Kech, Mother-in-law of Dr. Reuben Smih has been very poorly for several weeks with enlargement of the spleen. Her condition is not very hopeful.

—John I. Williams took a load of goods to Gardner Hill on Thursday, and he is prepared to affidavy that he drove between perpendicular cliffs of snow ten feet high. No wonder they have had to postpone funerals out there.

—The other night a Huntingdon policeman arrested a somnambulist who was wandering about the strees in his night shirt. When the somnambulist awoke he exclaimed: "surely you are not going to arrest me; I am not responsible, as I am a somnambulist." I don't care what church you are a member of," said the officer, "You can't walk the streets of Huntingdon in your shirt tail if you belong to all the churches in the town."—Ex.

The New Rail Road.

Then is considerable talk of a rail road being built from Winterburn to Anderson Creek, to connect with the Clearfield and Mahoning Rail Road.

The route of the rail road has been surveyed.

It will be about eleven miles in length. It will open up the county in which there is a great deal of coal. If the road be built, or when it is built, coal mines will be opened, and it will be a profit able feedes to the Clearfield and Mahoning rail road.

House & Lot Sale.

A house and lot well located in South Penfield for sale. Price $225. Cash. Inquire at the office of the Press, Penfield, Pa.

Do You Want a Garden?

Parties wishing to rent the Coryell lots for gardens may apply to
W. W. Hoover,
2t. Penfield, Pa.

NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me, will please call and settle at once and save costs.

All bills remaining unpaid after April 1st, 1895, will be left for collection.

E. C. Lewis, M. D.

LOST.

Lost on March 4th, somewhere between Mrs. Lixfield's and the tannery store, a gold filled hunting case lady's watch, with gold chain attached. Finder will be rewarded by returning to
Mary E. Redifer,
Penfield, Pa.

The World's News.

—Ohio is for McKinley for President. So Foraker says.

—The silver men have named Joey Sibley for President.

—Han. James Kerr has written to each of the Democratic County Chairmen in Penn'a asking wise action to improve the condition of the Democratic party in the State.

—The Compulsory Education Bill will very likely become a law in this State.

—The Indiana Legislture closed in a riot in which two men were probably fatally injured.

—Japan will make China pay a large sum for peace.

—The miners of the Pittsburg District are on a strike to secure 69cts per ton.

—Two Huns passed through town yesterday with a large Cinnamon Bear.

—A Department of Agriculture has been created at Harrisburg.

—President Faure of France was a tanner at the age of 10, and has over his desk a picture of himself in tanner's garb.

"BIRD'S CORNER."

I survey land, write deeds and secure Fire Insurance.

I am agent for the sale of several tracts of land, including the, George Dunn lot, in Penfield.

I have a few tons of hay to sell and 50 bushels of Mangel Wursel beets.

Also 80000 brick.

L. Bird.

WORTH TRYING.

If you are suffering from sickness of debility especially from any ailment which has baffled the skill of physicians it will pay you to send to Drs. Starkey & Palen for their treatment by inhalation of Compound Oxygen, or if convenient, call upon them personally and try their office treatment. Consultation, either personally or by letter, will cost you nothing. They do not pretend to effect a cure in every case, but in a majority of cases. If you write them a full account of your symptoms they will tell you frankly whether they think their remedy will help you or not. The Compound Oxygen being a revitalizer and not a drug, will leave no ill effects behind. It will pay you to try it.

If you wish further information or proof, write us for our book of 200 pages, and we will send it to you free of charge. It gives a history of the remedy, with numerous testimonials and records of surprising cures in desperate cases. Our great success has given rise to many worthless imitations.

Most of our imitators have withdrawn their counterfeits, even new recruits are falling out, but there are still a few who continue active in endeavoring to force their counterfeits upon the public, but let it be understood that there is but one genuine Compound Oxygen, that of Drs. Starkey & Palen, that they are the original manufacturers and proprietors, and that any substance made by others or elsewhere and called Compound Oxygen is worthless.

Drs Starkey & Palen,
1529 ARCH St. PHILADELPHIA, Pa.
San Francisco Cal. Toronto. Can.

—WANTED, every smoker to send seven two-cent stamps to help pay postage, packing, &c., and we well mail sample box of our NON-NICOTINE MIDGET CIGARS. Only one box to one address. Address,
LANDIS & Co., Shippensburg, Pa.

Reduction in Price of Tyler Lump Coal.

I will deliver the Tyler lump coal for $2.00 per ton. This coal is in lumps and first-class in all respects. I respectfully solicit your orders.

Jacob Rosenkrans.

JOHN HACKETT,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Collections made and promptly remitted.

PENFIELD, PA.

SCARBORO BEACH, Scarboro, Me

THE KIRKWOOD,

C. D. DRESSER, Propr.

Scarboro Beach is one of the finest on the [illegible] England coast—presenting as it does, an unbroken stretch of over two miles, affording all the delights of safe Bathing, without the dangerous accompaniment of an undertow.

Not So Green After All.

The other day a merchant travler, operating for a Philadelphia shoe firm' boarded a train on the Alton road at Joliet, and was soon attracted by the charming face of a sucker lass, who got on at Pontiac. He thought he saw that she was a sweet, innocent young thing, who had never been around any, and he wended his way to where she sat and insinuated himself into her society.

"It is a very stormy day, miss," said the merchant traveler.

"Is that so?" she asked with a great show of interest. Here, indeed, was a sweet example of rustic innocence. Storming like all furies, and had been for nine consecutive hours and yet she seemed to know nothing about it! "Poor, credulous, simple thing," he thought, "she'll be madly in love with me in fifteen minutes."

"Going far?" he inquired.

"Oh, an awful long way!"

"How sweet and childish!" thought the gripsack man.

"How far are you going?" he asked.

"Oh, way off!"

"To St. Louis?"

"My, yes, and further than that."

"I'am awful glad. I'll have your company a good while then," said he "and I know we shall be great friends."

"I hope so," she replied.

"You have beaux, don't you?" the drummer suddenly asked.

"No. I used to have, but——"

"Ah! never mind, I'll be your beau on this trip. Now, tell me your name, please."

"Matilda—Matilda Haw—well it used to be Hawkins, but it is Jordan now."

"What! you are not married?"

"No! I poisoned my fifth husband the other day, and you,—oh! you look so sweet! You look as if strychnine would make such a beautiful corpse of you! Come, now won't you marry me?"

The drummer excused himself, and the jolly Pontiac girl and her beau, who sat behind, pretending to be asleep, laughed all the way to Bloomington.—

Penfield Volunteer Fire Department.

Individual Subscriptions, solicited by Wm. Roberts, Apr. and May, 1891. 587 40.

Contributed by Hoover, Hughes & Co. after forest fire. 107 32 694 72.

Amount paid out for engine house. Rumsey Hand Fire Engine. Hose & Cart &c. To add to apparatus on hands before 1891. 599 10.

Balance. $95 62.

Jan 18,'91 Amt. paid over by Solicitor Wm. Roberts to Treas. L. Bird. 95 62.

1891 Geo. Craig contributed. 150 00.

Blanchard Estate contributed. 150 00

Articles sold. 1 75.

Nov. 1, '94. Treas. L. Bird paid interest 54 00.

R. B. Stewart paid for use of apparatus. 25 00 380 75.

476 37.

Mar. 9, '95. Paid out.

For Hook & Ladders truck. 23. 00.

Bell. Cupola. &c. 27. 60.

Water barrels, roof ladder, 1 set double, ladders, repairs insurance &c. 61. 33 111 33

Cash on hand Mar. 9, 1895. $365 04.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS

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Caledonia.

Our P. M. was in Penfield on Wednesday.

Rev. Reeser of the M. E. Church preached his farewell sermon on last Sunday.

Sam'l Bodle has moved his family to Austin, Pa.

Our lumbermen have their logs all in and are waiting for water to drive them.

John Nolen has gone to Austin.

Wm McCullough and wife are sojourning in Penfield.

Rev. Ebersole and Reeser have closed their protracted meetings at this place

Who would miss the farwell sermon for the sake of a roll of butter and then not git it Echo answers who.

BUSY B.

Tyler Tips.

Polander holiday Monday the 11.th

The Mines are runing steady at present.

A couple of our young sports took in the dance at Penfield Friday evening. They reported a good time

Where did all that jewelry come from Bob. By its looks of things we are going to have a jewelry shop in town.

Mr. Rudolph, where was that 5 o'clock whistle on Friday morning.

The coke ovans are quite a place for courting. Look out boys or the old folks will catch on.

Bill Molan, and Hugh Gordon will take possession of the dutchman's shanty the 15th,

Miss Mary Vinson who has been visiting her parents at this place for the past week has returned to Brandy Camp.

Coburn is the name of them an that is going to show in the Tyler Opera House. He is the worlds wide Jews Harp player.

SUN FLOWER.

Winterburn.

Mr. Charles M. Blanchard of Phila. and Mr. L. Bird of Penfield was here surveying last week and the new railroad is expected to start the first of April.

Mr. Jno. Rice is shipping lumber this week.

Mr. Clyde Tallady has returned home from Altona he has been brakeman in the Altona railroad yard, he is not feeling very well.

Ed. Poilett have arrived from Austin, Potter county, and reports business booming, he is visiting his friends and relation here.

Mr. John Brink of DuBois, made a business trip here this week.

Rev. Ham made a business trip here this week.

Miss Elsie Wertz of Rockton visited friends here last week.

Mr. Geo. Tallady of this place who has been running an engine at Empire, has returned home on account of his child being sick.

Mr. C. O. Bartron of this place has excepted a position at North Bend running a band saw.

Mr. C. Rietzel made a buisness trip to DuBois this week E. P. was taking care of his trotter.

Miss Rose Thubit made a flying trip to DuBois this week.

Miss Hanna Heig who has been visiting her sister here, has returned to her home at Salem.

Wm. Mincer and C. T. Tallady made a business trip to penfield on Tuesday.

C. O. B. and O. E. B. makes a good many trips to Penfield. Wonder what the attraction is.

Winterburners love to dance a number of the dance, and all reported of having a good time and the boys says if they can ever return thanks to the Penfield boys they will do so.

Mr. Steven Hunt gave a ball the day he was 21. The music was engaged and they all had their fun. Supper was served after the ball was over.

Their was a grand crowd left here Sunday evening for church at Penfield. The belle of the town was right in it.

KEEP IT DOWN.

The Tannery Store.

Keeps a full line of

DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES.

FLOUR, FEED & HAY.

Crackers	4c. per lb.	Coffee pkg.	20-22 & 25c.
Tomatoes	8c. " can.	Royal Bk Powder	45c.
Corn	5 & 8 " "	Davis ok	18c.
Raisins	5, 6 & 7.	Condensed milk	10c
Currants cleaned	6c.	Salmon	25c. 2 cans
Standard "A" sugar	4c.	Soda, Arm & Hammer	7c p lb.
Lard	9c.	Peaches Evaporated	10c " "
Pork dry salt	8c.	Apricots "	10c " "
Pork pickle	9c.	Table Syrup	20 & 40c pr gal
Shoulder	8c.	Rice	5c.
Bacon	10c.	8 lbs. Oat flake	25.

WILSON RUN COAL.

WOODWARD MINE.

SLACK $1.30 PER TON.

SELECT LUMP 1.50 " "

Dug by an experienced Miner. Excellent in quality and low in price. Give it a trial. We respectfully solicit your orders.

Respectfully,

WEED & WOODLE.

FIRE! FIRE!

YOUR HOUSE IS ON FIRE.

This May Be The Warning Cry to You Some Night

Whether this refers to your store, factory, mill, office, or residence, it means that all of your valuable account books, securities, deeds, notes, receipts, etc., will be destroyed if not protected by a FIRE-PROOF Safe.

Can you afford to run this hazardous risk?

If not call and consult, or write to H. W. Brown, Penfield, Pa., who is agent for the Victor Safe & Lock co., who will be pleased to sell you a first-class fireproof Safe for less money than you can possibly get it elsewhere.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS

TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, MARCH 17

"Winning Others; From What, to What and How?" Acts viii. 26-39.

Mar. 11. Christ and Zaccheus. Luke xix. 1-10.
Mar. 12 Christ and the Samaritan. John iv. 5-15.
Mar. 13. Christ and Saul. Acts ix. 1-9.
Mar. 14. Paul and the Jailer. Acts xvi. 25-23.
Mar. 15. How Paul won men. 1 Cor, x. 34-23.
Mar. 16. Christ draws men. John iii. 14-21.
Mar. 17. Winning others; from what, to what and how? Acts viii. 26-39.

Never before in the history of the church were there so many who desire to win others to Christ. The good work done by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor is in no other direction so evident as in the many thousands of young people in this land who to-day are on fire with a desire to win souls. —Torrey.

Consider the good that comes from winning men to Christ: Souls saved from hell, wicked lives changed to those of righteousness, the fires of a burning conscience put out and peace that flows like a river put in, souls set free from the service of Satan; good influence let loose, bad influences changed; hope restored, manhood regained, life found; condemnation gone; victory over death; companionship with Jesus, the indwelling God, and power of the Holy Ghost; Christ and the angles victorious, Satan and his demons defeated; so many more for heaven, so many less for hell.—Yatman.

To do personal work one should have a personal knowledge of his own salvation, 2 Tim. i. 12, a wise discrimination in using Scripture, 2 Cor. ii. 14-17, a burning love for souls, 2 Cor. v. 14, strong confidence in God's Word, Heb. iv. 12, adaptation to men's circumstances, 1 Cor. ix. 20-22 *patience* in extreme opposition, 2 Tim. ii. 24-26, tact in meeting peculiarities, Mark i. 17, cheerfulness with trying cases, 1 Cor. iv. 10-13, prayerful dependence on the Spirit of God, Acts i. 8, clearness in uttering the message, Neh. viii. 8, annointed eyes to see opportunities, John iv. 35, earnestness in the face of indifference, Acts xx. 13, perseverance that never tires till it wins, Gal. vi. 9, 10.

The first Christians were men and women who understood thoroughly their personal responsibility and the power of personal effort. Very little is said about church organizations. Nothing was allowed to keep man from man; the individual believer from the individual sinner. Peter goes right after Cornelius; Phillip talks directly to the Eunuch; Aquila and his wife have Apollos as their "Bible Class;" and Dorcas is a "sewing society" in herself.

We are forever discussing the question how to reach the unconverted. We spend large sums of money for preaching and singing. We employ evangelists and hold special meetings. And yet greater than all these combined is the power of Christian conversation. A dozen consistent men and women who would go out into the community and talk for Jesus Christ could do more for it than the best evangelist in the land. There is no community that cannot be aroused to an interest in any worthy subject by the persistent efforts of a few determined men. Will you be one?—Golden Rule.

We need not wait for introductions. A little tact and wisdom will enable us to make our way with strangers and speak the words of Christ to them. If our hearts are full of tender sympathy and love, and zeal, we shall find blessings far oftener than we meet with rebuffs.—From Christian's Guide, York, Pa.

Poor Business Instinct.

Irate Landlady—I want you to take back that folding bed you sold me, and I want my money back. One of my boarders smothered to death in it and he owed me a week's board.

Furniture Dealer—Madame, you have no business sense. If you were in the habit of making your boarders pay a month in advance you would have been away ahead.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Bismarck and the Number Three.

Prince Bismarck has a curious superstition in connection with the number three, and apparently not without reason. He has served three German Emperors; he has fought in three wars; he has signed three treaties of peace; he arranged the meeting of the three Emperors and established the triple alliance.

WHILE we are true to God, darkness is always the forerunner of brighter light.

THE days are never long enough for the man whose heart is in his work.

AN AFRICAN KING.

He Laughs Heartily at the First White Woman He Ever Saw.

The following is an extract from a letter, written by a French lady in Senegal and published in a Paris newspaper, referring to a visit to King Behanzin of Dahomey on board the Segond: "The king, followed by five wives and four children, of whom one is a handsome boy, then came forward in a silk mantle striped with black and blue and elegantly draped. His head was bare, and he had on his feet sandals held on by crossed bands embroidered in wools of many colors. He smoked a large ebony pipe, the bowl and shank of which were circled with silver. His French is limited to 'bon jour' and 'ami,' and I am the first white woman he ever saw, and the sight of me astonished him. He at first gazed at me, then roared with laughter, and, when he had laughed till he was tired, looked around and asked where my husband was. The interpreter having pointed him out, he took him by the shoulder and gave him a friendly shake, which was as much as to say, What a lucky fellow you are. One of the five wives cooks. The others stand around the deposed king. The youngest has always in her hand a wooden bowl filled with sawdust. It is his spittoon. She is the favorite. The children are very nice. Behanzin is elderly, about 55, and has a white head of hair. He hardly knows how to walk, because, on account of his rank, he has always been carried."

No Such Thing.

The quality of endurance of or indifference to what in other men produces shock or repulsion is said to belong to men without nerves. There is no such thing and cannot be. The finer the physical development the keener perhaps is the sensibility to pain. Let neuralgia put on its harness for a raid and get after such men, the nerves will be found all quivering at once. And so this malady works, a creeping ugly foe to health bent on torture and misery, until it meets its antipathy, St. Jacobs Oil, which cures and conquers, quickly, surely.

Ole Bull, the violinist, had a decidedly clerical appearance and was often taken for a parson.

Humboldt had a broad, well-fed, intellectual countenance, that sho wed a love for th good things of life.

A Bank Failure.

AN INVESTIGATION DEMANDED.

A general banking business is done by the human system, because the blood deposits in its vaults whatever wealth we may gain from day to day. This wealth is laid up against "a rainy day" as a reserve fund —we're in a condition of healthy prosperity if we have laid away sufficient capital to draw upon in the hour of our greatest need. There is danger in getting thin, because it's a sign of letting down in health. To gain in blood is nearly always to gain in *wholesome* flesh. The odds are in favor of the germs of consumption, grip, or pneumonia, if our liver be inactive and our blood impure, or if our flesh be reduced *below a healthy standard*. What is required is an increase in our *germ-fighting strength*. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enriches the blood and makes it wholesome, stops the waste of tissue and at the same time builds up the strength. A medicine which will rid the blood of its poisons, cleanse and invigorate the great organs of the body, vitalize the system, thrill the whole being with new energy and make permanent work of it, is surely a remedy of great value. But when we make a positive statement that 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the early stages of the disease, be CURED with the "Discovery," it seems like a bold assertion. All Dr. Pierce asks is that you make a thorough investigation and satisfy yourself of the truth of his assertion. By sending to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., you can get a free book with the names, addresses and photographs of a large number of those cured of throat, bronchial and lung diseases, as well as of skin and scrofulous affections by the "Golden Medical Discovery." They also publish a book of 160 pages, being a medical treatise on consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, which will be mailed on receipt of address and six cents in stamps.

Spring Medicine

Is so important that you should be sure to get THE BEST. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its unequalled merit by its thousands of remarkable cures, and the fact that it has a larger sale than any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier shows the great confidence the people have in it. In fact it is *the* Spring Medicine. It cures all blood diseases, builds up the nerves and gives such strength to the whole system that, as one lady puts it, "It seemed to make me anew."

If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for your Spring Medicine do not buy any substitute. Be sure to get

"I was all broken down in health, so weak and nervous I was hardly able to be up. I had severe pains in my side, and headache. I would often have to stop when going up-stairs on account of palpitation of the heart. I had no appetite and a distressed feeling in my stomach. I resolved to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I took two bottles and have not had a spell of sick headache for four months, feel well, work all day and eat heartily. My friends remark how well I am looking. I think all nervous, run down people ought to take it, especially nursing mothers." MRS. S. ASHWORTH, Eaton, O.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Mental Alertness

depends very largely on the physical condition. Sluggish blood dulls the brain. A Ripans Tabule after meals will clear away the fogs in short order.

WOVEN WIRE FENCE
Why pay 40 to 90c. a rod for fence when you can make the best Woven Wire Fence on earth, horse high, bull strong pig and chicken tight, for
13 to 20c. A ROD?
A man and boy can make from 40 to 60 Rods a day. Over 50 different styles Catalogue Free. Address,
KITSELMAN BROS.,
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DAVIS HAND OR POWER CREAM SEPARATOR
One-third more butter and of higher quality than by other known systems.
SAVES MONEY AND LABOR
Sizes from 1 to 1,000 Cows. Pamphlet Mailed Free. Agents Wanted
DAVIS & RANKIN BLDG. AND MFG. CO., Sole Manufacturers, Chicago, Ill.

There's Hard Work on Hand

when you try to wash without Pearline. Your hands show the hard work; your clothes show the wear. Pearline is harmless to the hands or fabric. It saves the Rub, Rub, Rub that wears; it saves the work that tires. It is cheap, safe and convenient. Get the best, when you get something to wash with. Soap has been but Pearline is.

Spare Pearline Spoil the Wash

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

"We think Piso's CURE for CONSUMPTION is the only medicine for coughs." —JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, '94

Cures Where All Else Fails. BEST COUGH SYRUP.
TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CTS.

"Don't Put Off Till Tomorrow the Duties of To-day." Buy a Cake of

SAPOLIO

THE FOOD OF THE ANGELS

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Sustenance of the Heavenly Ones Taken for His Theme.

TEXT: "Man did eat angels' food."—Psalms lxxviii., 25.

Somewhat risky would be the undertaking to tell just what was the manna that fell to the Israelites in the wilderness, of what it was made and who made it. The manna was called angels' food, but why so called? Was it because it came from the place where angels live, or because angels compounded it, or because angels did eat it, or because it was good enough for angels? On what crystal platter was it carried to the door of heaven and then thrown out? How did it taste? We are told there was in it something like honey, but if the saccharine taste in it had been too strong many would not have liked it, and so it may have had a commingling of flavors, this delicacy of the skies. It must have been nutritious, for a Nation lived on it for forty years. It must have been healthful, for it is so inspiringly applauded. It must have been abundant, because it dismissed the necessity of a sutler for a great army.

Each person had a ration of three quarts a day allowed to him, and so 15,000 pounds were necessary every week. Those were the times of which my text speaks, when "man did eat angels' food." If the good Lord, who has helped me so often, will help me now, I will first tell you what is angels' food, and then how we may get some of it for ourselves. In our moral state we must have for mastication and digestion and assimilation the products of the earth. Corporeity, as well as mentality and spirituality, characterizes us. The style of diet has much to do with our well being. Light and frothy food taken exclusively results in weak muscle and semi-individualism. The taking of too much animal food produces sensuality. Vegetarians are cranks. Reasonable selection of the farinaceous and the solid ordinarily produces physical stamina.

But we have all occasionally been in an ecstatic state where we forgot the necessity of earthly food. We were fed by joys, by anticipations, by discoveries, by companionships that dwindled the dining hour into insignificance and made the pleasures of the table stupid and uninviting. There have been cases where from seemingly invisible sources the human body has been maintained, as in the remarkable case of our invalid and Christian neighbor, Mollie Bancher, known throughout the medical and Christian world for that she was seven weeks without earthly food, fed and sustained on heavenly visions. Our beloved Dr. Irenæus Prime, editor and theologian, recorded the wonders concerning this girl. Professor West, the great scientist, marveled over it, and Willard Parker of worldwide fame in surgery threw up his hands in amazement at it. There are times in all our lives when the soul asserts itself and says to the body: "Hush, stand back! Stand down!"

I am at a banquet where no chalices gleam and no viands smoke and no culinary implements clatter. I am feeding on that which no human hand has mixed and no earthly oven baked. I am eating "angels' food." If you have never been in such an exalted state, I commiserate your leaden temperament and dismiss you from this service as incompetent to understand the thrilling and glorious suggestiveness of my text when it says, "Man did eat angels' food."

Now, what do the supernaturals live on? They experience none of the demands of corporiety and have no hindrance or environment in the shape of bone and muscle and flesh, and hence that which may delectate our palate or invigorate our poor, dying frames would be of no use to them. But they have a food of their own. My text says so. There may be other courses of food in the heavenly menu that I am not aware of, but I know of five or six styles of food always on celestial tables when cherubim and seraphim and archangel gather for heavenly repast—the mystery of redemption, celestialized music, the heavenly picturesque, sublime colloquy, eternal enterprises, saintly association, divine companionship, celebrative jubilance. There is one subject that excites the curiosity and inquisitiveness of all those angels. St. Peter says, "Which thing the angels desire to look into"—that is, why did Christ exchange a palace for a barn? Why did He drop a scepter from His right hand to take a spear into His left side? Why quit the anthem of the worshiping heavens to hear the crooning of a weary mother's voice? Was a straw better than a garland? "Could it not have been done in some other way?" says angel the first. "Was the human race worth such a sacrifice?" says angel the second. "How could heaven get along without Him for thirty-three years?" says angel the third. "Through that assassination may sinful man rise into our eternal companionship," says angel the fourth.

And then they all bend toward each other and talk about it and guess about it and try to fathom it and prophesy concerning it. But the subject is too big, and they only nibble at it. They only break off a piece of it. They only taste it. They just dip into it. Then one angel cries, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" And another says, "Adorable!" And another says, "Wonderful!" And another says, "Glorious!" And then they all fill their cups with the "new wine of the kingdom," like the beakers of earth, which glow with immortal juice from the grapes of the [illegible] vineyard.

Now, in the emerald palace of heaven let the cupbearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet and bring on another course of angels' food, which is celestial music. You and I have seen at some concert or oratorio a whole assemblage to whom the music was a feast. Never anything that they took in at the lips of the mouth was so delightful to their taste as that which they took in at the lips of the ear. I have seen and you have seen people actually intoxicated with sweet sounds. Oratorios which are always too protracted for those of us who have not had our faculties cultivated in that direction were never long enough for them. As at 11 o'clock at night the leader of the orchestra gave the three taps of his baton to again start the music they were as fresh and alert as when, three hours before and at 8 o'clock, the curtain first lifted. Music to them is food for body, food for mind and food for soul. From what I read in my Bible I think celestialized music will make up a large part of angels' food. Why do I say "celestialized music?" Because though music may have been born in heaven it had not all its charms until it came to earth and took a baptism of tears. Since then it has had a pathos and a tenderness that it could not otherwise have possessed. It had to pass under the shadows and over stormy seas and weep at sepulchers and to be hummed as lullaby over the cradle of sick children before it could mount to its present altitudes of heavenly power. No organ on earth would be complete without the stop "tremolo" and the stop "vox humana." And no music of heaven would be complete without the "tremolo" of earthly sorrow comforted and the "vox humana" of earthly sympathies glorified. Just take up the New Testament and find it a notebook of celestialized music.

It says Jesus sang a hymn before He went to the Mount of Olives, and if He could sing on earth with Bethlehem humiliation close behind Him, and sworn enemies close on both sides of Him, and the torments of Golgotha just before Him, do you not suppose He sings in heaven? Paul and Silas sang in midnight dungeon, and do you not suppose that now they sing on the delectable summits? What do harps and trumpets and choirs of revelation suggest if not music? What would the millions of good singers and players upon instruments who took part in earthly worship do in heaven without music? Why, the mansions ring with it. The great halls of eternity echo with it. The worship of unnumbered hosts is inwrapped with it. It will be the only art of earth that will have enough elasticity and strength to leap the grave and take possession of heaven.

Sculpture will halt this side the grave because it chiefly commemorates the forms of those who in heaven will be reconstructed, and what would we want of the sculptured imitation when we stand in the presence of the resurrected original? Painting will halt this side the grave because the colors of earth would be too tame for heaven, and what use to have pictured on canvas the scenes which shall be described to us by those who were the participants? One of the disciples will tell us about the "Last Supper" better than Titian with mighty touch set up in art gallery. The plainest saint by tongue will describe the "Last Judgment" better than Michael Angelo with his pencil put it upon the ceiling of the Vatican. Architecture will halt this side the grave, for what use would there be for architect's compass and design in that city which is already built and garnished until nothing can be added? All the Tuileries and Windsor Castles and St. Clouds of the earth piled up not equaling its humblest residences; all the St. Pauls and St. Peters and St. Isaaks and St. Sophias of the earth built into one cathedral not equaling the heavenly temple.

But music will pass right on, right up and right in, and millions in heaven will acknowledge that, under God, she was the chief cause of their salvation. Oh, I would like to be present when all the great Christian singers and the great Christian players of all the ages shall congregate in heaven. Of course they must, like all the rest of us, be cleansed and ransomed by the blood of the slain Lamb. Alas, that some of the great artists of sweet sound have been as distinguished for profligacy as for the way they warbled or sang or fingered the keyboard or trod the organ pedal. Some who have been distinguished basses and sopranos and prima donnas on earth, I feel will never sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, or put the lips to the trumpet with sounds of victory before the throng. But many of the masters who charmed us on earth will more mightily charm us in heaven. Great music hall of eternity! May you and I be there some day to acclaim when the "Hallelujah Chorus" is awakened. As on earth there have been harmonies made up of other harmonies, a strain of music from this cantata, and a strain of music from that overture and a bar from this and a bar from that, but one great tune or theme into which all the other tunes are wrought, so in heaven the mightiest soul in the heavenly world to gather something from all the sacred songs we have sung on earth, or which have been sung in all the ages, and roll them on in eternal symphony, but the one great theme and the one overmastering tone that shall carry all before it and uplift all heaven from central throne to farthest gate of pearl and to highest capstone of amethyst will be, "Unto Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, to Him be glory!" That will be manna enough for all heaven to feel on. That will be a banquet for immortals. That will be angels' food.

Now, in the emerald palace of heaven, let the cupbearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet and bring on another course of angels' food, which is laying out of mighty enterprise. The Bible lets us know positively that the angels have our world's affairs on their hearts. They afford the rapid transit from world to world. Ministering spirits, escorting spirits, defending spirits, guardian spirits—yea, they have all worlds on their thought. We are told they sang together at the creation, and that implied not only the creation of our world, but of other worlds. Shall they plan only for our little planet and be unconcerned for a planet 300 times larger? No. They have all the galaxies under their observation. Mighty schemes of helpfulness to be laid out and executed, shipwrecked worlds to be towed in, planetary fires to be put out, demoniac hosts riding up to be hurled back and down. These angels of light unhorse an Apollyon with one stroke of battleax celestial. They talk these matters all over. They bend toward each other in sublime colloquy. They have cabinet meetings of winged immortals. They assemble the mightiest of them in holy consultation. They plan out stellar, lunar, solar, constellated achievement. They vie with each other as to who shall do the grandest thing for the eternals. They compose doxologies for the temple of the sun. They preside over coronations. If in the great organ of the universe one key gets out of tune, they plan for its retuning. No undertaking is so difficult, no post of duty is so distant, no mission is so stupendous but at God's command they are gladly obtained.

When they sit together in heaven's places, Gabriel and Michael, the archangel, and the angel that pointed Hagar to the fountain in the desert, and the angel that swung open the prison door of delivered Peter, and the angels who ran to the rope the reapers at the end of the world, and the angel that stood by Paul to encourage him on the foundering cornship of Alexandria, and the two angels that sentinseled the tomb of Christ, and the four angels that St. John saw in Apocalypse at the four corners of the earth, and the twelve angels that guard the twelve swinging pearls, and the 20,000 charioted angels that the psalmist described, and more radiant than all of them put together, and mightier than all, and lovelier than all, "The Angel of the Covenant," the cadences of His voice, the best music that ever entranced mortal or immortal ears, His smile another noon risen on midnoon, His presence enough to make a heaven if there were no other attraction—I say, when they meet together in the council chambers close to the throne—Ah, that will be regalement infinite. That will be angels' food. And one of my exciting anticipations of heaven is the prospect of seeing and talking with some of them. Why not? What did they come out for on the balcony on that Christmas night and sing for our world, if they did not want to be put in communication with us? I know the serenade was in Greek, but they knew that their words would be translated in all languages. If they thought themselves too good to have anything to do with us, would they have dropped Christmas carols upon the shepherds, as bad as any of us have ever been? Aye! If they sang for mortals, will they not sing for us when we become immortals?

Now, in the emerald palace of heaven, let the cupbearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet and bring on another course of angels' food—the last course and the best, the dessert, the culmination of the feast, which is celebrative jubilance. You and I have known people who prided themselves on never getting excited. They have cultivated the phlegmatic. You never saw them cry; you never heard them in a burst of laughter. They are monotonous and to me intolerable. I am afraid of a man or a woman that cannot cry; I am afraid of a man or a woman who cannot laugh. Christ says in the book of Revelation that such people are to Him nauseating and cause regurgitation —(Revelation iii., 16) "Because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot I will spew thee out of My mouth." But the angels in heaven have no stolidity or unresponsiveness. There is one thing that agitates them into holy warmth. We know that absolutely. If their harp be hung up on the panels of amethyst, they take it down and with deft fingers pull from among the strings a canticle. They run in to their neighbors on the same golden street and tell the good news. If Miriam has there cymbals anything like those with which she performed on the banks of the Red Sea, she claps them in triumph, and there is a festal table spread, and the best of the angels' food is set on it. When is it? It is when a man or woman down in the world who was all wrong by the grace of God is made all right —(Luke xv., 10) "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Why are they so happily agitated? Because they know what a tremendous thing it is to turn clear around from the wrong and take the right road. It is because they know the difference between swines' trough with nothing but husks and a King's banquet with angels' food. It is because they know the infinite, the everlasting difference between down and up.

And then there is to be [illegible]

Is that for?" If we hear rolling out from an auditorium the sound of a full orchestra, we say, "What is happening here?" And when the angels of God take on jubilance over a case of earthly repentance your friends in heaven will say: "What new thing has happened? Why full diapason? Why the chime from the oldest towers of eternity?" The fact is, my hearers, there are people in heaven who would like to hear from you. Your children there are wondering when father and mother will come into the kingdom, and with more glee than they ever danced in hallway at your coming home at eventide they will dance the floor of the heavenly mansion at the tidings of father and mother saved. Beside that the old folks want to hear from you. They are standing at the head of the celestial stairs waiting for the news that their prayers have been answered, and that you are coming on to take from their lips a kiss better than that which now they throw you. Calling you by your first name, as they always did, they are talking about you and saying, "There is our son," or "There is our daughter down in that world of struggle battling, suffering, sinning, weeping. Why can they not see that Christ is the only one who can help and comfort and save?"

That is what they are saying about you. And if you will this hour in one prayer of surrender that will not take more than a second to make decide this then swifter than telegraphic dispatch the news would reach them, and angels of God who never fell would join your glorified kindred in celebration, and the caterers of heaven would do their best, and saints and seraphs side by side would take angels' food. Glory to God for such a possibility! Oh, that this moment there might be a rush for heaven!

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come.
Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come.
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

GOD'S demand of every sinner is unconditional surrender.

God proves his presence by his work in the heart.

Walking with God begins in very short steps.

A mote in the eye makes the whole world look wrong.

Covetousness is a more deadly disease than cholera.

If we are afflicted, it is because God sees a good reason for it.

The man who walks with God must be careful how he steps.

All things are still working together for good to them that love God.

A little sin will squirm just as bad as a big one when you try to kill it.

Every drunkard's wife knows by bitter experience that wine is a mocker.

The world is not so much in need of better preaching as it is of better practice.

Drops of grief can't do anything. Nothing gives perfect peace but trust in Christ.

Religion is not needed any more in the church than it is in the store and workshop.

God loves a cheerful giver as much as he did when the widow gave her two mites.

The sheep that has felt the tooth of the wolf ought to keep very close to the Shepherd.

God needs intelligent service as much as he does a loyalty that is willing to go to the stake.

God is still opening windows in heaven for people who bring every tithe into the storehouse.

The shield of faith was made to quench all fiery darts of the wicked one, if held right.

When God has put our sins behind his back, we have no right to keep them constantly before our face.

The man who believes in a holy God cannot be satisfied with anything short of righteousness in himself.

Pounding the Bible and making a noise in church is one thing, and winning men to Christ is another.

When the preacher can't get all the salary that has been promised him, there is somebody that ought to make shorter prayers in church.

To undertake to be religious in a milk and water way is as foolish as to jump toward a chasm to see how near we

The Cannon of Crimean Days.

The cannon of Crimean Days were mounted on wooden carriages of the crudest construction; the recoil was not controlled, but merely limited by a stout breeching-rope. Elevation and training were given by moving the gun and carriage by common wooden handspikes, and the gun was run out, after being loaded, by side tackles. Every operation was performed by the simple and direct application of manual labor, and the number of men told off to work a thirty-two pounder gun of not more than three tons weight was fourteen, and they all had hard work to perform. With the modern gun of more than double the weight just half the number of men are required. The gun captain, or number one, aims and fires, and, unassisted, elevates and trains the gun with the greatest ease and nicety up to tht moment of firing; the gun runs out automatically after recoil. The only operation that requires any expenditure of force is the actual loading of the gun, and that is reduced to a minimum.

No dummy in front of a clothing store has a right to be dressed warmer than the people on the street.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IS THE FOOD BEST SUITED TO ALL WEAK CONDITIONS OF DIGESTIVE ORGANS FOR Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS

THE SAFEST FOOD IN THE SICK ROOM FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS.

PURE, DELICIOUS, NOURISHING FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN

THE IMPERIAL GRANUM IS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.

LINENE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,

77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

PNU 11

AXION ELASTIC TRUSS

PATENTED.

RUPTURE Cured! POSITIVELY HOLDS RUPTURE Worn night and day. Has an Adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of RUPTURE. Illus. Cat. sent securely sealed by G.V. House Mfg. Co. 744 Broadway, N.Y. City

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

[THE WHOLESALE PRICES ARE GIVEN BELOW.]

Grain, Flour and Feed.			
WHEAT—No. 1 red	$	57 @	58
No. 2 red		56	57
CORN—No. 2 yellow ear, new		48	49
Mixed ear, new		46	47
No. 2 yellow sheiled		46	47
OATS—No. 1 white		35	36
No. 2 white		34	35
Extra No. 3 white		33	34
Light mixed		33	34
RYE—No 1		62	63
No. 2 western		60	61
FLOUR—Minn. fancy patents		3 50	3 65
Fancy winter patents		3 10	3 25
Fancy straight winter		2 70	2 80
Straight XXX bakers'		2 60	2 75
Rye flour		3 00	3 15
HAY—No. 1 timothy		11 25	11 50
No. 2		10 25	10 50
Mixed clover, No. 1		10 00	11 00
Loose timothy, from wagons		14 00	16 00
FEED—No. 1 White Md., ton		17 50	18 00
No. 2 White Middlings		16 50	17 00
Brown Middlings		16 00	16 50
Bran, bulk		17 00	17 50
STRAW—Wheat		5 25	5 50
Oat		5 50	6 00

Dairy Products.			
BUTTER—Elgin Creamery	$	22 @	23
Fancy Creamery		18	20
Fancy Country Roll		16	17
Low grade and cooking		9	10
CHEESE—Ohio, new		11	11¾
New York, new		11½	12
Wisconsin Swiss		12½	13
Limburger, newmake		9½	10

Fruit and Vegetables.			
APPLES—Fancy, ₱ bbl	$	4 50@	5 00
BEANS—Hand-picked, per bu		2 00 @	2 05
Lima, lb		5 @	5½
POTATOES—Fine, in car, bu		70	75
From store, bu		75	80
BEETS	per bbl	1 50	1 60
CABBAGE—Home grown, bbl		2 25	2 50
TURNIPS—per bbl		1 50	1 60
ONIONS—Yellow, bu		60	80
PARSNIPS	per bbl	1 75	2 00

Poultry, Etc.			
Live Chickens, ₱ pair		60 @	15
Live Ducks, ₱ pair		60	80
Dressed Ducks, ₱ lb		14	15
Dressed Chickens, ₱ lb		10	11
" " young select		14	15
Live Turkeys, ₱ lb		10	11
EGGS—Pa. and Ohio, fresh		22	25
FEATHERS—Extra live Geese, ₱ lb		45	60
No. 1 Ex. Live Geese, ₱ lb		40	45
Country, large packed		32	40

Miscellaneous.			
SEEDS—Clover 62 lbs	$	4 20 @	6 10
Timothy, prime		2 85	2 95
Blue Grass		1 40	1 60
RAGS—Country mixed		¾	1
HONEY—White Clover		14	16
Buckwheat		12	13
MAPLE SYRUP, new		50	60
CIDER—Country, sweet, bbl		4 00	5 00
TALLOW		4	4¼

CINCINNATI.			
FLOUR		2 35@	2 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red		53	54
CORN—Mixed			38
OATS		42	43
EGGS		31	32
BUTTER—Ohio Creamery		23	24

PHILADELPHIA.			
FLOUR	$	2 00@	2 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red		58	59
CORN—No. 2 Mixed		46	47
OATS—No. 2 White		35	36
BUTTER—Creamery, extra		23	24
EGGS—Pa. firsts			25

NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—Patents	$	1 90 @	2 95
WHEAT—No. 2 Red		56	58
RYE—State		54	55
CORN—No. 2		47	48
OATS—White Western		33	34
BUTTER—Creamery		16	24
EGGS—State and Penn			27

LIVE STOCK.

CENTRAL STOCK YARDS, EAST LIBERTY, PA

CATTLE.

Prime, 1,400 to 1,600 lbs	$	5 25 @	5 50
Good, 1,300 to 1,400 lbs		5 10	5 20
Good butchers, 1,200 to 1,300 lbs		4 85	5 00
Tidy, 1,000 to 1,150 lb		4 40	4 70
Fair light steers, 900 to 1000 lbs		3 75	4 00
Common, 700 to 900 lb		2 75	3 50

HOGS.

Philadelphias		4 35	4 50
Best Yorkers and mixed		4 20	4 30
Common to fair Yorkers		4 10	4 15

SHEEP.

Extra, 98 to 105 lbs		4 50	4 70
Good, 85 to 98 lbs		4 25	4 20
Fair, 75 to 85 lbs		3 00	3 75
Common		2 50	3 00
Yearlings		6 50	6 00

Chicago, Cattle—Common to extra steers $3.25@5.10; stockers and feeders, $2.60@4.50; cows and bulls, $1.50@4.50; calves, $2.50@5.50; Hogs—heavy, $4.00@4.35; common to choice mixed, $3.90@4.30; choice assorted, $4.15@4.20; light, $3.90@4.15; pigs, $3.00@4.00. Sheep—inferior to choice, $2.50@4.50; lambs, $3.25@5.30.

Cincinnati—Hogs—select shippers none; butchers $4.40to4.45; fair to good packers $4.20 to 4.25; fair to light $4.00to4.15; common and rough $3.75to4.15 Cattle-good shippers $4.50to5.00, good tochoice $4.50to4.75; fair to medium $3.75to 4.40; common $2.50to3.50. Sheep—extra $4.25to 4.50; good to choice $3.50to4.00; common to fair $2.00 to 3.25.

THE OIL MARKET, MARCH 8.

Pittsburg—Opening, $1.05; highest, $1.05¾ lowest, $1.05; closing, $1.05¾. Credit balances steady at $1.08. Cash oil $1.05¾ bid.

Oil City.—National transit certificates opened at $1.05; highest $1.06¾; lowest, $1.05; closed, $1.06¾.

Wool.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wool is quiet; prices steady Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia XX and above, 17@18c., X and above 16@17c.; medium 20@21c.; quarter blood, 21@22c.; common, 18@19c. New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., at 16a17c; X, 15@16c.; medium, 19@20c.; quarter blood, 20@21c; common, 17@18c.; washed, combing, delaine fine, 18@20c.; medium 21@22c.; coarse, 20@21c.; low, 22@23c.; unwashed medium 16a17c; low medium 17a18c.

THE U. S. Government officially reports ROYAL Baking Powder superior to all others in leavening strength.

(Bulletin 13, A'g'l Dep't, p. 599.)

It is the best and most economical.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Wanted to Use It.

"John," said the man who had been abused by the newspaper, "will you be using your football suit to-morrow?" "Why, of course," replied his son. "Well, hurry up and get through with it. I'm going over to demand satisfaction of the editor, and I think maybe it'll be a good idea for me to wear it."—Exchange.

Strange Beautifiers.

In Persia the women of fashion paint black circles around each eye and ornament the cheeks with figures of various small animals, bugs, etc.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.

$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.

$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.

$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.

$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.

LADIES.

$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From $1 to $3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for inventors Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Tasso's features were regular and pleasing but he had a wild eye.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

Charles I. had a pointed beard, in the style known as Vandyke.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts. 50 cts. $1

Lorenzo de Medici had a commonplace face, weak eyes and a generally unprepossessing appearance.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 c. a bottle

Last year we commenced an elaborate plan of advertising, but before we were half through, OUR ADVERTISEMENTS DISAPPEARED. Why? Because WE WERE OVERWHELMED WITH BUSINESS. There was but one thing to do; withdraw the advertising and devote every energy to filling the orders with which we were flooded. This we did, and handled with reasonable promptness a most unprecedented year's business. WITH ENLARGED FACTORIES, INCREASED FACILITIES, AND TWENTY BRANCH HOUSES FROM WHICH TO DISTRIBUTE OUR GOODS, WE CAN NOW CARE FOR ALL WHO COME. Last year we could not reduce prices because we were compelled in some way to limit the demand for Aermotor goods. We would have been satisfied with lower prices, but why create a demand which we could not supply? We have made the heaviest purchases of steel and material bought in America this year, and at unprecedented prices, and have made terms to dealers which enable them to make unprecedented prices. In quality, character, variety, finish, and accessibility to full stock of goods and repairs, we are without competitors. In our plan of advertising last year, we proposed to furnish a feed cutter under certain conditions for $15. For reasons stated above we did not complete the advertising, and the feed cutter was not put out. We now propose to make amends in the following manner. We will announce in this paper our NEW ALL-STEEL, VERY SUPERIOR FEED CUTTER, WORTH

$40 at $10

cash with order, f. o. b. Chicago. Only one to one person, be to furnish addresses of ten neighbors who ought to be using our line. Cut, description and full information regarding it will appear soon.

We especially desire to caution you against paying excessive prices for second hand goods. The temptation on the part of the dealer to overcharge is great. $10 added to the price is $10 clear profit to the dealer. To be sure that you get the proper price and article, write us of your needs and you will be promptly advised. We are, and always have been believers in low prices. Because of the prodigious output of our factories we are enabled to have special tools for each piece, and thus reduce the hand labor of putting on that piece, and the material and laying it on to merely picking up and laying it down again. So small has become the cost of labor put on the material which we sell that it is not worth mentioning. We have become the largest dealers in the material, of course, being made up in the form of steel galvanized after completion windmills, towers (hitting and fixed), tanks, pumping, etc. To such an extent has this become true, and to such an extent has the price of our goods (and consequently of our business responsible), that FOUR LARGE WINDMILL CONCERNS ARE BUYING THEIR TOWERS OF US THIS YEAR. THEY DO IT BECAUSE WE MAKE THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE AND SAFE TOWER; BECAUSE THEY CAN BUY OF US CHEAPER THAN THEY CAN BUILD; BECAUSE WE ALONE ARE PREPARED TO GALVANIZE EVERYTHING AFTER IT IS COMPLETED, AND COMPLETE EVERYTHING EXACTLY RIGHT.

These concerns are wise, for, even though they may not furnish the best of wheels, the wheel will have the best of supports. Send to us your name and address, and those of your neighbors who may need something in our line, and thereby do them a good turn. The Aermotor Co. is one of the most successful business enterprises which has been launched in recent times. In succeeding advertisements will be discussed and made clear the lines on which that success has been worked out. It was done by a farmer's boy. A careful following of these advertisements may suggest to some other farmer's boy a career.

Aermotor Co., 12th, Rockwell & Fillmore Sts., Chicago.

AFTER DINNER.

Big dinner last night?
It was, indeed.
Plenty to drink, too?
Well, I should say so.
Headache in consequence?
Oh, no.
How do you manage it?

• Ripans • Tabule.

Will that do it?
Every time.

WANTED BUYERS for Va. farms, $3 per acre and up, including buildings. Call on or address W. B. Broaddus, Agt., West Point, Va.

A RAINBOW IN THE SKY.

It's hard to tell what's comin' to this country
but it's plain
If we don't have any sunshine we must be resigned to rain;
The times is out o' joint, an' the song comes with the sigh,
But I reckon there's a rainbow that's a-reachin' round the sky!

So, never mind the blowin'
Of the storm that's sweepin' by;
You kin almost see the glowin'
Of that rainbow in the sky.

It's hard to tell what's comin' to this country, but it seems
Still happy with its singin' birds an' all its ripplin' streams;
The times is topsy-turvey, an' the storm is howlin' nigh;
But I reckon there's a rainbow that's a-reachin' round the sky!

No use in repinin'
When the roses droop an' die;
You kin almost see the shinin'
Of that rainbow in the sky!

—Atlanta Constitution.

TAKEN BACK.

THE bed stood in the middle of the room, its foot to the open window. From far beneath came up the night hum of Chicago, but it was quieted by the distance to a mere lullaby. So high was the top of the great hotel that the garish blue-white of the electric lights which so lavishly dotted the city was toned down to a gentle luminous haze.

The man on the bed tossed from side to side uneasily, rolled on to his back, lay with his mouth upon the pillow. In his right hand he held crunched a letter written in woman's writing, and as certain waves of dream crept over him he rumpled the letter savagely and mumbled through his clinched teeth words of inarticulate fury. At last his dream seemed to culminate, and he broke into a paroxysm of coughing, which awoke him. His senses, dim at first, drew rapidly to the alert. His eyes so recently glued with sleep, opened quickly to their fullest stretch. His nostrils worked like the nostrils of a dog on a trail.

"Smoke! Tobacco smoke? I don't think so. It smells to me like the reek of burning wood."

His eyes were beginning to open wider, with the unnatural expansion of terror. George Carr had been in America before, and knew what these things portended. Quickly dropping his feet onto the boards of the floor, he walked across them, unlocked his door, and, opening it, looked into the passage. He had no doubt then as to what had occurred. Not far below him was the crisp crackling of flames, and mingled with it came the cries of badly frightened women and men.

"My God, the hotel is on fire," he exclaimed. "It is built of wood from cellar to roof tree; it is crammed with people; and I am close under the shingles on the eleventh floor!"

He went out onto the landing in his night-gear as he was, and attempted to descend. Columns of gray vapor which stung the eyes and nostrils rolled up the shaft of the stairway; and, looking over the balusters, he saw through the smoke arms of tawny flame which shot greedily up towards him. The heat was terrific; it drove him back to his room even before the smoke forced a retreat. Baked by the continued heat of summer, the great wooden hotel was burning as though it had been anointed with tar.

Carr ran back to his bedroom and stood in the midst of the floor, trembling like a leaf. He still held in his fingers the crumbled letter in a woman's handwriting—his wife's; but remembering it, broke out into new fury, and tore it into tiny squares, which fluttered like white butterflies before the rising draught.

"Grasping, heartless wretch that she is," he cried. "If it had not been for this letter, goading me to make more money, and still more money, I should be catching this morning's home boat from New York Harbor. As it is, I'm here to burn slowly to death unless I choose to make a quicker ending of it by jumping out on to the road two hundred feet below." He gave a fierce snort of a laugh. "Suicide is wrong, we are told. I wonder if it would be sinful for me to end my miseries quickly, instead of remaining till life is tediously roasted out of me here. It is a nice point, but I shall not argue it out now. I'm going to shut my eyes and—jump into eternity."

He walked steadily across to the window, put one leg over the sill, and looked down from a dizzy height which no fire-escape on earth could span. Flames were beginning to jet through many of the windows below. In the street two steam fire-engines were already at work; others were coming up with teams at a furious gallop. The black carpet of people in the vacant spaces had a curious white mottling of upturned faces. Carr threw the other leg over the sill, and, stooping over, wondered where he should drop. He wanted to fall clear, and—the ghastly thought would come—he did not want to splash anybody.

The booming roar of the flames in the shaft of the stairs drew nearer and nearer. It was of no use to wait. Of earthly help none could come. He made up his mind that he would jump then without more torturing delay. But, when it came to the actual leap, his limbs somehow failed him. He seemed physically unable to leave his seat on the ledge.

"Bah! what a coward I am!" he cried, "fearing to leap into necessary death with my face towards it. I suppose I have a woman's nerve just now; I must humor myself like a woman."

He turned about, breasting the sill and lowered himself steadily down till all his body hung against the wooden wall suspended only by the finger tips. And then he saw something which caused such a revulsion of feeling that he was within an ace of relaxing his hold and being dashed to rags in the street below.

Gradually, however, his muscles stiffened again, and he drew himself up and felt faint and trembling on the board floor of his bedroom. Screwed to the jamb of the window was a stout eyebolt; fastened to this was a long coil of rope. These things are the ordinary accompaniment of American hotel bedrooms anywhere above the first floor, and Carr had seen them scores of times before. Nothing but the excitement and the scare under which he was laboring could have allowed him to forget them on leaving his bed at the first alarm. Still feeling sick and dizzy, Carr gathered himself up from the floor, and with trembling fingers set about casting the rope from its coil. The stuff tangled, and in his hasty clumsiness he tied it into hard knots. Time was wasted.

At last, however, the long snaky length of rope was flung out of window; and gripping it with his hands and legs, the fugitive started his descent. He was no practised climber, and the rough hemp ate the skin from his hands as it passed through them; but such an inconvenience was only of slight moment. A far greater danger encompassed him. During his delay the fire had gained in strength and fierceness, and torrents of yellow blaze were pouring from dozens of the windows.

He had to pass through two of these, and emerged at each lower side stifled and blackened. But the rope remained, hanging like a thin black snake in the heart of the licking tongues of fire, getting deeper and deeper charred every moment. How long would it continue to hold him?

Fully conscious of his new peril, he let the cord slip past him still more rapidly, till it felt as though his hands were being cut through to the very bone by a red-hot saw; and then—it broke.

He felt a numbing rush through the air, a jarring thud as of ten thousand earthquakes, suns shooting before his eyes—and that was all. Oblivion held him entirely.

Later on the doctor presented the patient, over whom there had been some controversy, with a paper which contained a lengthy account of the fire, and the patient marvelled at the inventive powers of Chicago journalists. When, however, he came to the list of the killed, about which there could not well be any sentimental romancing, he put the paper down with a start. For awhile he lay still with eyes fixed on the ceiling. Then his glance descended again and roved round the ward rather guilty. Finding that no one was noticing him, he once more picked up the paper. Yes, there it was, in uncompromising black and white, the third in the list of the killed. "George H. Carr, of Wingford, England." Curiosity made him search further among the columns, and he found the method of his death described with gruesome adjectives and lurid headlines. This last owned to being imaginative, as it mentioned that he had never been seen alive after retiring for the night.

Yet it was a bad conjecture of what might have occurred to a man who was slowly suffocated to death.

Again the paper fluttered to the floor, and again Carr's eyes sought the ceiling. He was thinking very hard indeed, and couldn't quite make up his mind to something. A course seemed open before him, a course which had some drawbacks, but a multitude of good points. For one thing, it would ease him forever of his wife, who had tormented his love into something akin to hatred; for another—

The doctor came and broke into his reverie:

"I want to know your name. The hotel registers are burned, and the papers wish to print a list of survivors, so that we may tot up with more accuracy how many poor wretches are missing. It's been a sad business this, all round; a mighty sad business. Many deaths, and—what did you say your name was, sir?"

It was now or never. The choice had to be made or the chance missed.

"Carey."

The doctor noted it down on his cuff. "Initials, please?"

"Henry G."

"Where of? You're English, I guess—isn't that so?"

"Yes, a Londoner."

"Thanks. I won't ask you how do like our city, because perhaps you've got rather a bad first impression. But that'll wear off, sir. You'll like it before you've done."

"I hope so," said the patient, dreamily. "I'm here in America to stay. I hope I shall get on."

"Hope so, I'm sure," said the doctor briskly. "Wish you every kind of luck."

An outcast, ragged, bent, and prematurely aged, slopped along beside a high park wall. The slushy snow of an English spring ebbed and flowed across the soles of his bursting boots; the chill of the wind bit savagely through his rags of clothes. Presently the wall gave place to a sunk fence, and the tramp stopped and gazed at the view. Over an expanse of park, and lawn, and terraces, rose the timbered walls and gables of an Elizabethan country house, trim, solid, graceful. As he watched, a fallow deer came out into the open, gazed at him for a moment in haughty impudence, and then trotted into covert.

The tramp, with a sigh, started wearily on his way. "It seems even grander than I was told of," he murmured to himself. "Wealth, comfort, happiness everywhere. And it might all have been mine. Every stick and every shrub left to the wife and me between us. It fell to us by will the day before I—I died; the day before I was burnt to ashes in the Chicago fire. Fancy the irony of that! The day before! Why didn't the news reach me? I'd a fine fund of selfishness about me then.

"And Louise was right after all. It was her duty to urge me to business. I was as lazy as the day was long then; and she told me of it, and I hated her for speaking. I've thought since over that letter, and the pain it must have caused her to write.

"Eh, well, that's all past and done with. I died. I was full of conceit in myself, and thought an American fortune was easily made, even if it was sometimes lost with suddenness. Pah! I never reached the first rung of the ladder. I never rose above laboring with my hands at unskilled trades; and it was being constantly shown me how I was an indifferent laborer at that.

"No, I've missed it, badly, and all through my own shortsighted fault. I might have had wife, children and a stately home. What I do have is my share of the Queen's wet highway, and weary aches to lie down upon. Of myself I shall never now be more than what I am—a broken waster. But there is one thing I won't do, and that's ask help from her. She'd give it, if I sought for it; she'd call me back as her husband if she knew me to be alive; she'd share with me willingly what is, perhaps, after all, legally mine to share. But no. She's a good woman, and I'm what they call in the States a mean man. Yes, mighty mean, and down at heel, not at all white; but I've made my bed, and I won't remake it even if I have the chance. Things are uncomfortable, but I guess they won't drag out much longer."

He sat heavily down on the wet wayside turf, his legs dangling over the ditch. "Ten years; ten terrors for me. Ten years for her thinking herself my widow. She's had the chance to marry again; I heard all about it. Leslie asked her, the only man I was jealous of before I won her for myself. She likes him I know; she always did; and for him she's the only woman in the world. But she wouldn't marry him for all that, though he could have given her love, title, more wealth, yes, everything a woman could want."

A crunching noise made the tramp turn his glance. A smart carriage with a pair of ponies was coming up round a turn of the west road. A woman was driving; a man in livery sat behind. The tramp gazed for a minute with starting eyes; then turned away and with bowed head faced the ditch. "Oh, my God," he *murmured*, and clinched his hands *till* the nails drew blood.

The noise of the wheels ceased and there was the sound of rustling skirts. The tramp also noticed the faint smell of sealskin, but he kept his back resolutely immovable.

"George."

The tramp did not stir. A trembling hand was placed on his wet shoulder.

"George, look up. I know it is you."

"Woman, go away. You are making a mistake."

"Look me in the face and repeat that."

"I—I will not. I can't."

She slipped down to a seat beside him on the sodden turf, and the groom at the ponies' head felt his jaw drop down through wonder.

"Oh, Louise, why can't you pass me by? I only came for a peep. I didn't intend you to see me—God knows I didn't. It's all yours now, and I'll not take a fraction away from you. I have chosen my path like the scoundrel that I was, and I must keep along it. It isn't fit that I should turn back now."

"Yet you must stay, now that I have found you."

I tell you I cannot. You would not ask me if you knew what I have been, how vilely I have sinned against you. Don't shake your head; it is true. If you won't credit that, listen."

She threw her arms about his shoulders, pressing him fiercely to her breast.

"Dear," she said, "you have come back to me. I know that; I do not want to know any more."

The tramp tried to pluck himself from the embrace, without avail. Then he lay against her furs and shuddered, but made no more resistance.

Louise Carr had taken back her husband.—Black and White.

A great many horses are being exported to England and Scotland this winter. In one week during December over 300 were shipped, mostly of the road-horse type. Horses of the coacher type are also in demand in Great Britain.